

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

84

## Holding the baby

There are many ways of transporting the baby. Three are shown in this picture—but you'd be surprised to know how many other ideas there are on the subject—until you see the back page of this issue!



RONALD RICHARDS WRITES:

## I get around

DURING several discussions, and even in the B.B.C. Brains Trust, I have heard the entirely inaccurate opinion that such things as banner headlines, comic strips and separate sports sections are new and almost unwanted. These three features are, day by day, becoming more and more popular. As for being new, that, too, is wrong.

Almost all the features of modern newspapers were first used by the publisher of one great paper.

James Gordon Bennett, from the time he founded the "New York Herald" in 1835 until he died in 1872, included in his paper comic strips, women's page, society page, columnists, church news department, reports on schools, societies, conventions, interviews with famous or notorious characters, photographs, banner headlines, charts or graphs, separate financial section, separate sports section, display advertisements, and weather reports.

READING a bundle of newspapers and magazines from U.S.A., I found the following paragraphs:—

From a St. Johns, Newfoundland, evening newspaper, I take this announcement, which, to me, will always be a lesson!

**APOLOGY.**  
I, the undersigned, hereby apologise for the manner in which I behaved towards my girl friend on Friday evening, March 5th, and I further state that I am extremely sorry for what happened and I promise never to act like that again or to molest or annoy her in any way.

(Signed) FRANK HAMLYN.  
Witness—  
Isaac Mercer.

ON the women's page of the "Washington Post," the first sentence of a fashion story reads: "Right now, there are

at least two good arguments in favour of a sheer blouse." I didn't bother to read any further.

THE left "ear" (top corner of col. 1, page 1) of the "New York Sunday Mirror" recently carried the weather report: "Cold—Warmer." Either the paper is carrying on its own special campaign to confuse and confound the enemy, or their weather man is subject to fever and chills.

A REPORT of the Errol Flynn trial in the Columbus, Ohio, "Evening Dispatch," includes this sentence:—

"Speaking in a voice so low her words could hardly be heard at times, Miss Satterlee, who says she is only 1, yesterday related the incidents of a week-end cruise in August, 1941, aboard the actor's palatial yacht Sirocco."

AT Roehampton Swimming Pool, which is an off-stage sun-bathing mecca for many of London's most glamorous hags, I met the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

(Remember what I said about looking up subjects in this column; she knows you will be looking her up, and arrangements have been made accordingly.)

June Rogers is her name, and she is official Life Guard; in her spare time she mows the lawn, sells coffee in the restaurant, clips the admission tickets, and gives swimming lessons.

Previously June was a typist in the head office of a London film company.

FROM Mayor Gregson, of Gosport, I hear the holidays at home in his borough will include lavish plans for the entertainment of troops on leave.

Ten/ative arrangements were made for Sunday evening band concerts in the parks, dances, knock-out cricket and football competitions, boxing tournaments, swimming galas, sports meetings, bowling tournaments, concerts, talent-spotting contests, whist drives, etc. The proceeds of the whole programme will be devoted to the sixth Services charities and the War Memorial Hospital.

## ECCENTRICS—No. 4

# AN EARLY NATURIST

By D. N. K. BAGNALL

## LOTS IN A NAME

By RONALD GARTH

HOW would you like to be named Adolf Hitler? Or even Adolphus Hittler? Or Ribbentrop? What would you do about it if your name sounded like that?

Joe Stalin, a private in the British Army, laughed it off the other day, and with good reason, when he won a whist prize in a Lincolnshire village.

Just above a Goering in the London telephone book there is a Goebbels, a score of Hesses, and some two dozen Leys.

In the previous war many luckless folk with foreign names were mobbed. To-day we have more sense, but Room 106 in the Law Courts has been working top pressure of late to change old names for new.

Anyone can change their name "by habit and repute," without any formality. I have myself. The Telephone book has two Deaths to every Death. Scores of Schmidts have become Smith in recent years, and at least one Mr. Jew has become Mr. Jewitt.

To those who insist on the letter of the law—or anticipate complications in receiving bequests from a rich uncle—Room 106 is a boon. Here Hitlers and Smiths sometimes become Vere de Vere or Montmorency.

For 10s. in stamp duty and some £2 in legal expenses, a Mr. Himmeler can formally become a D'Arcy after he has filed his deed poll and advertised the change.

On the other hand, he is far more likely to take a name far more obscure and ordinary. When a Mr. Berntired changed his name some time ago he took his wife's maiden name of Brown.

A doctor named Death became Dr. Watson, and applicants called Pickles, Sheepwash and Snowball, among others, have identified themselves with other branches of the family, or even the name of their county or street.

One man changed his name recently in order to inherit a £400,000 estate, and said it was cheap at the price.

Michael Arlen changed his name by deed poll from Dikran Kouyoumdjian. And when John G. Hilton, the famous band leader, executed a deed poll and became formally, as well as popularly, known as Jack Hylton, it was to comply with legal requirements concerning his contracts.

The war itself is a good enough reason for many people in changing their names. One visitor to Room 106 was actually sensitive about his initials, A. R. P., and a Mr. Peacefit recently became Mr. Dickens.

"RESPECTED by the men and acceptable to women, he was noted for a singularity he retained all his life—a remarkable attachment to bathing."

In the days when Lord Rokeby lived—the greater part of the eighteenth century—anyone who took a bath could be said to triumph over the most appalling discomforts. It meant getting a tub up the stairs to the bedroom, carrying up pails of hot water from a copper, baling out the water into pails again when the bath was over, and carrying the tub downstairs again.

**APPEAL**  
Will kind-hearted submariners with time on their hands please brighten the lives of the lonely members of our editorial staff by writing to us? What we want you to write about is your opinion of "Good Morning." We are not in the Navy—so you can say just what you think about our work or ourselves.

And the bather had to sit in a crouched-up position in order to get his bath.

But Lord Rokeby certainly was exceptional. He startled the doctors of his day by remaining in his hot bath for more than two hours at a time, and going in and out of it without taking any of the precautions they considered necessary to prevent serious illness.

When he succeeded to his father's title and estates in Kent, he was able to launch out on bathing in the grand style.

He had a covered-in bathing pool made, with a thatched roof over it, and spent some of his time every day lying in it. It was the most comfortable bath-house in England, said someone who saw it. "You may run up and down to dry yourself, and do not feel the disagreeable cold common in the small, elegant bath-houses of marble, where you freeze in cold magnificence."

Water was brought to the bath from a pond nearby.

### Paid to drink—water

Lord Rokeby liked water to drink as well as to bathe in. He had a number of fountains splashing water into artificial basins on his estates. Some of these were by the roadside, and if he found the local people

having a drink at one of them he would tip him half-a-crown. He carried half-crowns in his pocket especially for this purpose. No doubt many a pint of beer was bought by his lordship's generosity.

When he wasn't enjoying a bath in his own bath-house, the nobleman seemed to have been having a dip in the sea.

He had a little hut built on the sands at Hythe, and could frequently be seen leaping into the waves and swimming like a porpoise. Sometimes he remained in the sea so long that he fainted and had to be rescued by his servant.

These seaside trips were hard on the servant, who had to trail along for a mile behind his master from the house to the hut. The old man looked like a man of the woods, with his long beard, bowed back and rugged face. But the man behind him wore a most magnificent livery. If it rained, the servant travelled in a coach while the old man plodded along with the rain sweeping his face and soaking his clothes.

But this was not the end of the noble lord's eccentricity.

### Nature in the raw

When he first came into the family estates he decided to allow them to run wild. He sowed no crops, the cattle were allowed to roam where they liked. He let the hedges grow and the trees flourish as they would. Fences rotted, out-buildings fell into ruin. The horses and cows browsed on his lawns and flower beds.

The owner lived the life of a peasant when he was at home, carrying logs of wood from the forest land on his shoulders and trudging round the countryside for hours in any weather.

He was what we should call nowadays a Nature crank. He gave up going to church, preferring to worship in the open air.

This put him in a bit of a fix when his notable relative the Archbishop of Armagh came to visit him. The Archbishop would want to go to the private chapel on Sunday, the following day. The church door had been locked for thirty years, the path to it was lost in a jungle of grass, weeds and bushes, and the pews were rotten.

Lord Rokeby solved the problem by sending off to Hythe for an army of labourers, carpenters, joiners,

mowers, gravel-carters and drapers. The path was mown, the gravel rolled into it, a new gate made for the churchyard, the church door forced open and oiled, and a new pew made, lined, stuffed and cushioned.

"And the next day," said Lord Rokeby, "I walked by the side of my cousin, the Archbishop, to church, who found everything right and proper; but I have not been to church since, I assure you."

The old man would have nothing to do with food or luxuries brought into the country from abroad. He used to make his own coffee from burnt beans and peas. He used honey instead of sugar. But he never made his guests suffer the same sacrifices, and his table was well loaded with dainties and good fare when he had company.

### Detested doctors

He hated doctors, and refused to see them when he was ill. Once, when he was taken ill, he told his nephew who had come to see him "that he might stay if he liked, but that if he called in medical assistance, and if by some strange chance he should remain unslaughtered by the doctor, he hoped to retain sufficient use of his senses and hands to make a new will disinheriting him."

The nephew, very wisely, did not send for medical aid.

Although he was regarded as a very strange old man—and he certainly looked it, with his white beard reaching to his knees in his old age, his gnarled face and bent back—Lord Rokeby seemed to have enjoyed life. He must have done, for he lived to the age of 88.



"Shall we write to 'em, Tubby?"



June Rogers emerging from the depths of Roehampton Swimming Pool. (See paragraph above.)



# Periscope Page

## WANGLING WORDS 46

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after, RA, and make a word.
- 2.—Mix the letters PAINS and HEAT, and make a bird.
- 3.—Can you change BUSH into TREE, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: SOAP into SUDS, RULE into KING, CANT into WONT.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word PUNISHMENT?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 45

- 1.—STEADFAST.
- 2.—CEYLON, GREENLAND, TASMANIA, JAMAICA, TRINIDAD.
- 3.—TEAR, PEAR, REAR, READ, REND, MEND, LAMB, LAME, DAME, DARE, DART, PART, PORT, MORT, MOAT, GOAT, TROT, TROD, PROD, PLOD, CLOD, CLOT, SLOT, SLIT, SLIP, SKIP, SEA, SET, SAT, EAT, CAR, FAR, FIR, AIR.
- 4.—Penal, Plume, Maple, Petal, Plate, Lupin, Latin, Metal, Title, Pleat, Plait, Leman, Plane, Plain, etc.

### Who is it?

He was born sixty-nine years ago, served in the Army, has filled many important posts in the Government, was a war correspondent, was captured by the enemy and imprisoned, but escaped. Has written several books on war and politics, and one novel. Has recently visited Russia, America, North Africa. A great smoker of cigars. Who is he?

(Answer on Page 3)

# To-day's Brains Trust

## QUIZ for today



ROUND the discussion table to-day we have a Geologist, a Professor of Physics, an Astronomer, an Inventor, and our old friend, Mr. Everyman, and the question they are to tackle is:—

**The world's stocks of coal and petroleum are said to be unlikely to last more than a few hundred years. What other sources of heat and power are known to us?**

**Inventor:** "There are several. For one thing, windmills may come into their own again. In Russia and other places, giant windmills have recently been built to test their possibilities. Wind is an uncertain factor, but it is always blowing somewhere, and one can imagine a vast country with windmills scattered all over it."

"These would be connected to dynamos supplying current to a grid system, so that if the wind fell in any particular district it would not matter. Another idea is to build windmills so high that their vanes would be in the region where winds are almost always blowing."

**Astronomer:** "Another idea, which is very old, but which is coming to the fore again, is to utilise the sun's heat by focusing it through lenses or by means of mirrors."

"Steam engines have been made which work on this principle, the heat of the sun being directed on to the boiler by means of mirrors, the whole engine automatically turning itself round to face the sun."

"The initial outlay, however, is very large compared with the power produced, and such engines would only be suitable in countries like Egypt, where there is almost continuous sunshine."

**Mr. Everyman:** "The proposals so far sound as if they had already proved somewhat disappointing. If our coal stocks are really likely to be used up within the next 500 years, could we not plant forests now, in such situations that they would be formed into coal by that time? In other words, could we not produce coal as we at present produce crops?"

**Geologist:** "I am afraid not. It takes millions, not hundreds,

of years for coal to form from vegetation, and it takes generations of trees, spread over a very wide area, to form even very modest quantities of coal. "It is, of course, possible that new coalfields will be discovered, but that will only put the final day off for a few more years."

**"I think it far more likely that we shall grow crops for the production of alcohol, which is in some respects a**

**better motor spirit than petrol."**

**Physicist:** "The terms of the question do not allow us to speculate on the possible discovery of entirely new sources of power, such as atomic energy. That being so, I can only suggest that man will continue to make use of the principle that wherever two bodies at a different temperature can be brought near enough to one another, power is always obtainable."

"One recent example of the use of this principle is the sea-engine, which has been developed on the shores of the Caribbean Sea. The surface-water is much hotter than that at a depth of several fathoms, so a pipe is let down to the cold water, and an interchange of heat is arranged to take place through an engine, as it is in the ordinary steam-engine."

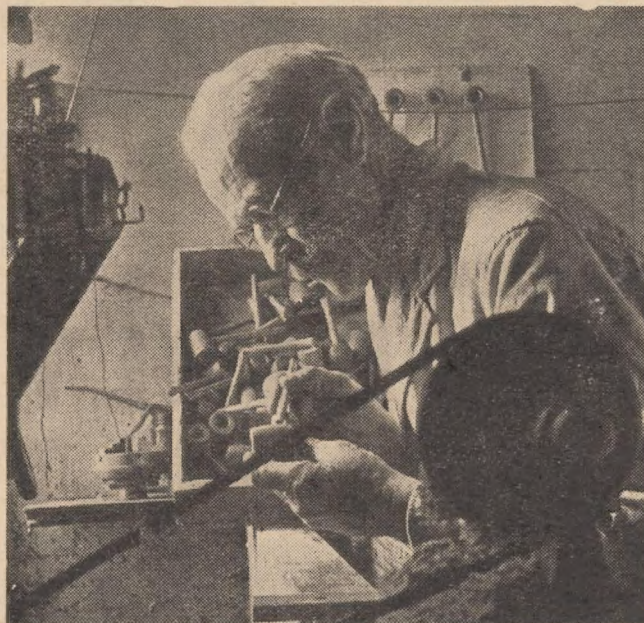
**Mr. Everyman:** "I do not find that very clear."

**Physicist:** "Well, it is difficult to explain in a few words, but in the original invention, both the hot and the cold water were pumped into separate chambers. The cold water served the double purpose of condensing vapour from the engine and producing a vacuum over the hot water. The production of the vacuum caused the hot water to boil, and the vapour produced worked a turbine. The difference of temperature between the hot and cold water was only 20 degrees, yet the engine developed 60 kilowatts at 5,700 revolutions per minute."

**Astronomer:** "Attempts have often been made to utilise the sea in another way. (Continued on Page 3)

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman



### CHERRYWOOD PIPES FROM KENT.

It was because the Services liked pipes made of cherrywood that Charles Norman, 72-year-old craftsman, of High Halden, Kent, began to make them. The importation of suitable wood for pipes is limited, so Mr. Norman turned to the cherry orchards and does the job himself. He works on a home-made lathe, turns the bowls, fits the stems and polishes the finished pipes. The demand from the Services is great, for there is something sweet and reminiscent of home in smoking an English cherry pipe.

## This England and these English

THE SOLDIER.

FOR he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition.

—William Shakespeare.



"Do you not see," said he, "the savages themselves are fearful of being too late, and I should hurry forward myself at once, did I not think that, if I showed too much eagerness, I should destroy all our hopes of reaping any benefit from this fortunate event. If you will only endeavour to appear tranquil or unconcerned, you will quiet their suspicions, and I have no doubt they will then let me go with them to the beach, supposing that I merely go out of curiosity. Should I succeed in getting down to the boats, I will make known the condition in which I have left you, and measures may then be taken to secure our escape."

In the expediency of this I could not but acquiesce; and as the natives had now completed their preparations, I watched with the liveliest interest the reception that Toby's application might meet with. As soon as they understood from my companion that I intended to remain, they appeared to make no objection to his proposition, and even hailed it with pleasure. Their singular conduct on this occasion not a little puzzled me at the time, and imparted to subsequent events an additional mystery.

The islanders were now to be

By HERMAN  
MELVILLE

seen hurrying along the path which led to the sea. I shook Toby warmly by the hand, and gave him my Payta hat to shield his wounded head from the sun, as he had lost his own. He cordially returned the pressure of my hand, and, solemnly promising to return as soon as the boats should leave the shore, sprang from my side, and the next minute disappeared in a turn of the grove.

In a short time the last straggler was seen hurrying on his way, and the faint shouts of those in advance died insensibly upon the ear. Our part of the valley now appeared nearly deserted by its inhabitants, Kory-Kory, his aged father, and a few decrepit old people, being all that were left. Towards sunset, the islanders in small parties began to return from the beach, and among them, as they drew near to the house, I sought to descry the form of my companion. But one after another

they passed the dwelling, and I caught no glimpse of him. Supposing, however, that he would soon appear with some of the members of the household, I quieted my apprehensions, and waited patiently to see him advancing, in company with the beautiful Fayaway.

## JANE



My earnest questions appeared to embarrass the natives greatly. All their accounts were contradictory: one giving me to understand that Toby would be with me in a very short time; another, that he did not know where he was; while a third, violently inveighing against him, assured me that he had stolen away, and would never come back.

Fearful lest some fatal calamity had overtaken him, I sought out young Fayaway, and endeavoured to learn from her, if possible, the truth.

This gentle being had early attracted my regard, not only from her extraordinary beauty, but from the attractive cast of her countenance, singularly expressive of intelligence and humanity. Of all the natives, she alone seemed to appreciate the effect which the

peculiarity of the circumstances in which we were placed had produced upon the minds of my companion and myself. Whenever she entered the house, the expression of her face indicated the liveliest sympathy for me; and moving towards the place where I lay, with one arm slightly elevated in a gesture of pity, and her large glistening eyes gazing intently into mine, she would murmur plaintively, "Awha! awha! Tommo," and seat herself mournfully beside me.

Her manner convinced me that she deeply compassionated my situation, as being removed from my country and friends, and placed beyond the reach of all relief.

My questions evidently distressed her. She looked round from one to another of the bystanders as if hardly knowing what answer to give me. At last, yielding to my importunities, she overcame her scruples, and gave me to understand that Toby had gone away with the boats which had visited the bay, but had promised to return at the expiration of three days.

At first I accused him of perfidiously deserting me; but as I grew more composed, I upbraided myself for imputing so cowardly an action to him, and tranquillised myself with the belief

Continued on Page 3.



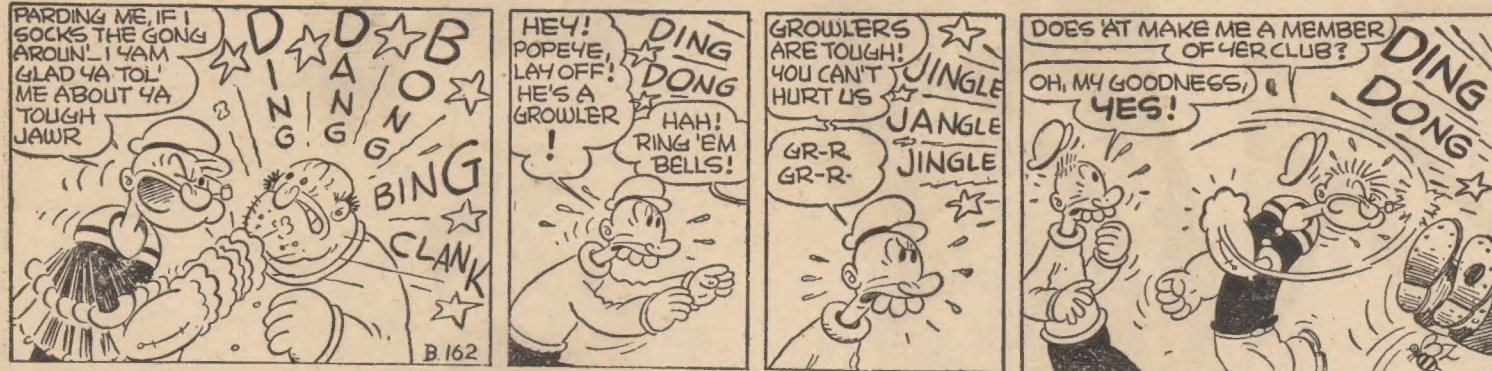
Beelzebub Jones



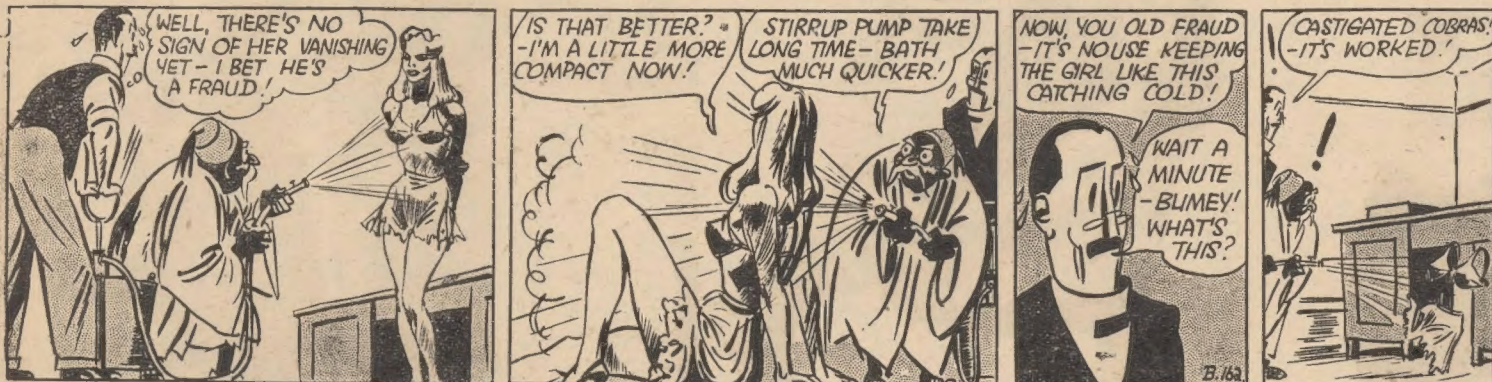
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Britain's Strangest Houses

By J. M. MICHAELSON

THE end of the war will see the start of the greatest house-building campaign in Britain's history. But both town planning and the need for speed will probably prevent an award for the "oddest" house in Britain. There are so many odd ones, and behind every one of them is a story.

Near Pontypridd, the visitor may see a circular house of singular ugliness. Actually it is eight houses, fitted together like the segments of an orange. Eight chimney-stacks stick up from the roof. Why the builder chose this unique form for the houses, which he put up to let, is a matter of dispute.

Tradition says it was because he had been annoyed by gossiping wives, and vowed he would build houses in which women could not watch each other. This they certainly cannot do in this round block, for every window and door faces in a different direction.

But, the women contend, he was simply mean, and chose the form because he wanted the maximum of housing space on the minimum of land. You can take your choice.

A woman was responsible for the oddest house in Wiltshire, a county noted for its odd houses. The house is in the form of a tower, and was built by an elderly man who married a very young wife. She liked riding, which was beyond him at his age. To let her have her pleasure and yet not be out of his sight, he built the house in this form so that he could always see her.

Another Wiltshire tower home is known as "Beckford's Folly." William Beckford had an income of £100,000 a year, and had a passion for building towers in which to live. "Beckford's Folly" is the third which he built, the other two falling down before they were completed owing to his architectural impetuosity.

He built another tower at Lansdown, near Bath. The idea was that when he was forced to be in Bath, he could climb this tower and see his other home 25 miles away, from which he could not bear to be parted!

THE COFFIN-HOUSE.

In what we now call a South-West port is a house that is shaped very like a coffin.

The story is that at one time a girl of the town fell in love with a man who was considered a "black sheep." "I'll see you in your coffin before I see you married to that man," exclaimed her father when she announced her intentions.

But the black sheep made good, and, remembering the father's oath, built the house in the shape of the coffin, and explained to his prospective father-in-law that he could now consent to the wedding without having to take back his words! The father agreed, and, of course, they lived happily ever after!

Stories explaining Britain's odd houses are as interesting as the houses. But there is no story to account for a pair of houses built at Linton, in Cambridgeshire.

Their oddity consists in a pair of "scissor" staircases. Each staircase leads to a bedroom over the living-room of the next-door cottage! Perhaps the origin was to be found in an architect's belief that he could thus avoid a steep staircase in a small cottage, or perhaps it was merely the result of an argument about which cottage occupied the best site!

TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

that he had availed himself of the opportunity to go round to Nukuheva, in order to make some arrangement by which I could be removed from the valley. At any rate, thought I, he will return with the medicines I require, and then, as soon as I recover, there will be no difficulty in the way of our departure.

Consoling myself with these reflections, I lay down that night in a happier frame of mind than I had done for some time. The next day passed without any allusion to Toby on the part of the natives, who seemed desirous of avoiding all reference to the subject. This raised some apprehensions in my breast; but, when night came, I congratulated myself that the second day had now gone by, and that on the morrow Toby would again be with me. But the morrow came and went, and my companion did not appear. Day after day of renewed disappointment passed by; at last hope deserted me, and I fell a victim to despair.

The conduct of the islanders appeared inexplicable. All reference to my lost comrade was carefully evaded, and if at any time they were forced to make some reply to my frequent inquiries on the subject, they would uniformly denounce him as an ungrateful runaway, who had deserted his friend, and taken himself off to that vile and detestable place Nukuheva.

But whatever might have been his fate, now that he was gone the natives multiplied their acts of kindness and attention towards myself, treating me with a degree of deference which could hardly have been surpassed had I been some celestial visitant.

Kory-Kory never for one moment left my side, unless it were to execute my wishes. The faithful fellow, twice every day, in the cool of the morning and in the evening, insisted upon carrying me to the stream, and bathing me in its refreshing water.

(Continued in No. 85)

To-day's Brains Trust

Continued from Page 2.

The tide is always rising or falling, and in the Bay of Fundy the change of level is as much as sixty feet. It has been thought possible to utilise the motion of the water to drive turbines, but the practical difficulties are enormous.

Inventor: "It is true that they are enormous on the scale on which power is required to-day. Yet there have been tide-mills in the past which have worked very well. There are still tide-mills at Newhaven, for instance. I certainly think there is a future for the tides."

Astronomer: "I should not like to think of mankind utilising the entire energy available in the tides, and do not believe it could be done, but if it were done, it would affect the rotation of the earth, and might have disastrous consequences."

Geologist: "Nobody has yet mentioned the possibility of utilising the earth's internal heat. This is very great—it is at about the melting-point of rock at a depth of only thirty miles."

"In the neighbourhood of volcanoes it is very accessible, yet it has not been found possible to employ it because of the difficulty of boring operations at such temperatures."

"But I believe that it will not be very long now when we shall be obtaining cheap power from the earth's native heat."

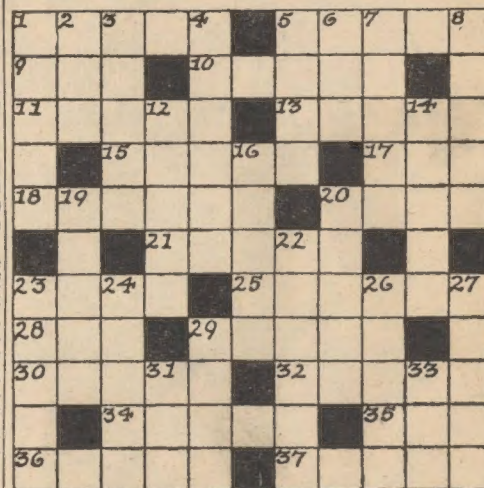
Inventor: "I expect to see immediate developments of hydro-electric power on a vast scale. Countries like Italy, U.S.A., Switzerland and Scandinavia have long profited by their rivers and waterfalls in this way, and I think our consumption of coal might be very considerably reduced by much more extensive use of hydro-electric power."

Answers to Mixed Doubles. in No. 83.

- (a) Darts and Board.  
(b) Chess and Pawn.

Answer to Who Is It?  
THE PRIME MINISTER

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Derrick.  
5 Dough.  
9 Drone.  
10 Lover.  
11 By surprise.  
13 Nonsense.  
15 Slither.  
17 Metal container.  
18 Recurrence.  
20 Burlesque.  
21 Clear throat.  
23 Perfume from deer.  
25 Shores.  
28 Girl's name.  
29 South African grass-land.  
30 Greek D.  
32 Condescend.  
34 Enthusiasm.  
35 Incline.  
36 Hard wood.  
37 Spruce.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

SPOT VERSED  
AWARE ELLA  
SPINET PAID  
MEN LOCUST  
ARGUE OTHER  
F. SALVE I  
TALES EGGED  
SELECT LAG  
PINE REMOTE  
ADDS ADORE  
LESSON TYNE

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Seat. 2 Difficulty. 3 Accumulate. 4 A North American. 5 Head. 6 Ventilate. 7 Slight notch. 8 Happening. 12 Hen's cry. 14 Portray in colours. 16 Tennis score. 19 Ooze out. 20 Colour graduation. 22 Bright and shining. 23 Girl's name. 24 Volley of applause. 26 Be sparing. 27 Yellowish-red. 29 Diversify. 31 Number. 33 Acquired.



**Good Morning**

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

# BABY BEGS A RIDE

In these days, when prams are hard to get, maybe some of our women envy mothers who live in lands where babies are slung over the shoulder or balanced in a basket. We don't know what the babies think about it—they look happy enough in these pictures—but we bet Mummie thinks it's fine to get on with the shopping with both hands free.

"Are yo' still there, chile?" says this darkie to his little daughter. He works in Durban, but he was so proud of the girlie that he had to take her to show his relations at the kraal. So baby did a hundred-mile ride with him.



A well-balanced father. With his baby in one basket and his household utensils in the other, he is on a long trek from Burma into China. Baby looks as though he doesn't much like travelling backwards, or perhaps they have just passed a sweet-shop without stopping.



Baby knows everything that goes on behind her mother's back. And she's quite comfortable, thank you, in spite of the look of it. Mummy thinks it's good for her figure. She never gets round-shouldered—or cold-shouldered, at that.



Even when Daddy's left to mind the baby he gets his fishing. This father has thought out a good way of carrying baby and still having his hands free.



Asleep against his mother's breast, beneath the shade of the covering, this little boy in the Solomon Islands gets about quite a bit. Mother carries her shopping basket on her head, and it's quite a load on her mind.



Got any kiddies yourself? Wouldn't they jump at the chance of getting a ride like this! But if you try it, make sure the horse isn't a kicker and the poles are securely tied. P'rhaps it's better to stick to a pram, after all.

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"My Missus carries her's in her teeth!"

